

has overshadowed my emotions in terms of hatred. All of these EBS Tapes are authentic, much like Eric and Dylan's "Basement Tapes"; hope to fucking Goddess someone leaks those before I die. My parents don't seem to have a fucking clue as to what goes on in my head. 90% of the time I'm as pale as a fucking lifeless corpse. In the end if my mom says, "I had no idea she was this depressed" or "Why didn't I see the signs?" or "What the fuck ever, then you should just stab yourself in the fucking chest for being so stupid. I mean HONESTLY." I don't go anywhere unless I have to, I don't speak to anyone unless spoken to, I make zero friends (by choice), I dress from head to foot in black, even my bra and leggings are black; find those yet? What about my black panties? HAHA), I always look like a ghoul sucked the joy and happiness out of my face (Ember), I can go on and on and on, but fuck that. I want to start typing these entries but don't want any cyber related discovery. HA, long shot but you can't hack or trace a piece of paper. I don't write enough physically anyways. Hell, the fucking blind ass followers on my social media see the dark shit from my thoughts on the Internet anyway, but little do they know it's actually real. I gotta watch though, don't want to post too many threats; not that anyone would actually try and arrest me for threats or cyber bullying/conspiring whatever.

That's supposed to be free, idiots.

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